Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iulies* thy loue,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knockes.
Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide t hy selfe,
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Harke how they knocke (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp,
Slud knocke.
Run to my study by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come,
Knocke.
Who knocks so hard: whence come you: whats your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in, and you shall know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then,
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where s my Ladies Lord, wheres *Romeo,*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and yo u be a man,
For *Iulies* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
VVhy should you fall into so deepe an O:
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iulie*
Doth not she thinke me an
Now I haue staind the chil
VVith blood remoued, but
VVhere is she? and how do
My concealed Lady to our c
Nur. Oh she sayes nothin
And now fals on her bed, a
And *Tybalt* calls, and then
And then downe falls again
Ro. As if that name shot
Did murther her, as that na
Murdred her kinsman. Oh t
In what vile part of this An
Doth my name lodge? Tell
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate
Art thou a man? thy forme
Thy teares are womanish, t
The vnreasonable furie of a
Vnseemely woman in a seem
And ill beseeming beast in s
Thou hast amaz'd me. By m
I thought thy disposition b
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt
And slay thy Lady, that in th
By doing damned hate vpo
VVhy rayl'st thou on thy
Since birth, and heauen and
In thee at once, which thou
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy sh
Which like a Vsurer abound
And vsest none in that true
VVhich should bedecke th
Thy noble shape, is but a fo

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